

Gloss Wires

REAL BAD MENTAL HEALTH INITIATIVE:
Will it surpass the Tower of Vegemite?

50% less
self-
referential

RARE GC CIVIC PRIDE: Girlsuck come from
Tinseltown to Brisvegas

BODY TALK: Find the NERVE in a NERVOUS
SYSTEM

For a real issue on your hands

FROM TINSELTOWN TO BRISVEGAS: GIRLSUCK GIRLS DON'T SUCK

Been meaning to write about music and feel inclined to write about the Gold Coast seeing as I got my first ever zine feedback from the Southport Library. They advised me to discontinue the practice of leaving zines on their shelves and that I am welcome to follow regular collection suggestion procedures. No, MORE than welcome. I take that as a compliment.

So music and Gold Coast, who lives there still? Plenty of people in Brisbane from the Gold Coast. At least one member of Girlsuck lives there. Girlsuck, the kind of thing I looked at on the internet lonely in the suburbs. They are all about polite charm and flouting propriety. The two girls, at least, not sure about the male drummer. Haven't seen them live but facebook shows them flailing around to their scrappy, snotty – I wouldn't say 'pop punk' cause they're no neat princesses and it takes some nerve to reinvigorate this kind of thing from your bland, white-rendered Gold Coast suburb taking it up to a bunch of frayed ex-emo Brisbane people. I could say 'pop punk' cause it's catchy, it's pop, it's messily punk and the sheer superficiality really takes you aback. Brisbane's defiant partiers flittering around with an arsenal of cultural tropes verging on histrionic in party-dream-land above us plodding Valley herds they pause for a minute, briefly static and cordial like,

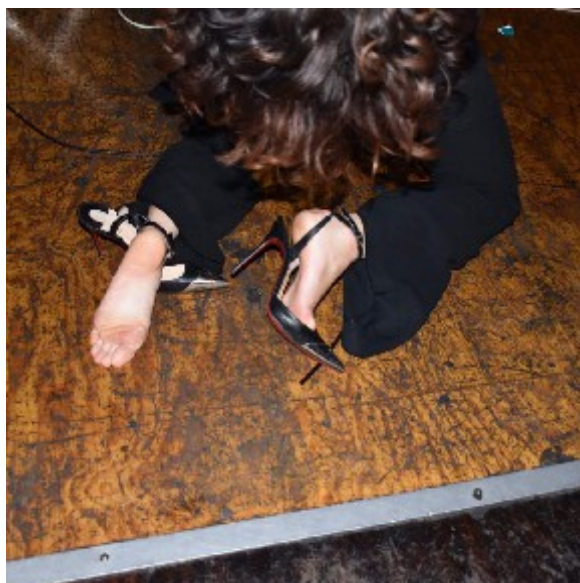


Illustration 1: from the Face Book

“Darling you look beautiful. Shut up! You're from the Gold Coast too? Pleased to meet you darling” And I look at these flapper girls, pop stars, 80s glamour, burlesque-esque Lady Gaga socialites and their luminescent fairy trail twirls off into the night and I think, *“They're nice.”* Anyhow, they haven't ran away to Melbourne so you might want to catch some real colourful classic snot (not snoot) while you can, little stargazers.

JOB SEEKER MEANTAL HELTH INITIATIVE

This friend of mine told me, one of the most hard working people I know both in the regular work and self-enterprising sense, was unemployed and drinking with a couple of friends. Music scene brats, likely. They got really drunk and saw a party up on the glorious, semi-obscured Queenslander balcony next door, heard talking and music so they grabbed some booze and walked in. Turns out it was just two guys listening to music, who weren't that drunk. This friend was pretty wasted by that point, and somebody else told him the neighbour asked him what he does and he said, *“I'M ON THE DOLE!”* in the dumbest, proudest drawl. The guy, some kind of yuppie beaucrocat or tax accountant or something, said *“Wait, so I work to pay for you, to be on the dole next door?”* to the reply, *“WHAT THE FUCK DOES THAT MEAN?”* Shut him right up. They left pretty soon.

Next time you're feeling down on your luck, say to yourself, *“I'M ON THE DOLE!”* in the laziest, flattest, amplified, accent. Not unnaturally broad, not too cosmopolitan, just your most natural accent & breath through your diaphragm.

FORMER CAR OWNER MOURNS LOSS OF CIVIC PRIDE

Selling a car has prompted a young Gold Coast resident to resent the city's apparent disregard for her capacity to safely and efficiently participate in the life of the city. The area's tourist utopian image was pliantly accepted by the girl, whose hobbies included late night shopping at Robina Town Centre and staring out her windshield on the top of Burleigh Headland with a pile of chips in her lap. Now that she seriously considers the 24 hour McDonalds down the road as a night-time recreation alternative to glassy-eyed facebook-driven moping or calling her Dad to pick her up from the bus stop after a night out, she has decided to move to Melbourne. There are trams there. She will find, however, that she is priced out of everywhere within reach of trams as the people who moved there in 2009 have priced out Brunswick, and Northcote, and Reservoir, and Castlemaine, and Bendigo and finally Swan Hill is the last northern frontier and you can hitch a ride from the trolley boy to the other end of town, on a trolley, and stop for Maccas and a sneaky dip in the public pool on the way. She does still miss her late nineties Honda Civic, however, which never let her down.

MOST AUSSIE SHARE HOUSE. MOVE OVER CURRYPOWDERS AND TRAIL MIX, TOWER OF VEGEMITE WILL RULE YOUSE ALL



Jars were largely empty and reused for cumin seeds, oregano and nutritional yeast. Nice glass

jars, they are. Vegemite's expensive, too. This must be the sign of a very polite household where each occupant had one jar each (the standard Aldi size, on account of financial responsibility) and kept it to themselves. Vegemite has been proposed as one of the leading food items to be stolen in share houses, behind only milk. Housemates also showed exceptional respect to the integrity of the emerging Tower of Vegemite as it had clear communal value. Somebody might find a use for a nice uniform stack of jars. I did. Just soak them a bit, give them a wash n' peel the labels off.

My BODY

Speaking of Swan Hill, it's where an oldest brother took his littlest sister to kindy one morning on a short cut over a stream. Or a storm water thing, maybe (wasn't pristine). There were some turtles that were stuck so the brother picked her up and freed them. There was a barrier thing over the stream and she was too scared to cross it, hopping back each time so he picked her up and walked across himself.

Another time she was at Burleigh with her Dad, about seven. He was this stubborn libertarian kind of guy who thought you should read the ocean yourself instead of just swimming in the flags. Like once, she was with this younger hyper friend and her and her sister just kept laughing and splashing and she just bobbed up and down pleasantly but looking at the flags, and couldn't go just a little bit out of the flags, letting the current pull her a little bit and then pushing along the sand to what was she guessed was safety, glaring at them and their absorption in each other with snooty indignation and anxiety. Anyway, there was this cool-looking shallow sandbank with someone standing knee deep and her Dad decided to take her out there. Just that we had to swim over deep water for a bit. She held on to her Dad and told her to swim by herself and then got panicked and waved his hand in the air. The little girl got a ride on a paddleboard, Dad held on to the side. It was one of the most embarrassing experiences she had ever had. She was meant to be a HERO like heros on TV, not one of the losers who need saving, one of those squealy princesses. It was embarrassing for both of them, really. She was

much too old and too strong of a swimmer to passively hold on to her Dad. Anyhow, the water just go too deep because of the currents and it was close to the flags.

Back in Swan Hill the fire brigade visited pre-school and she got a turn pretending to hold the hose. She said she wanted to hold it by herself, wrap her fingers around the big, heavy, metal hose and control it. Wanted it ALL her, none of this fakery. HER body, my buzzing little fine motor nerves and muscles. My want to do this didn't result in a greedy snatching and drenching of firemen and three-to-four-year-olds in a sociopathic, self-affirming pirouette which would seem more story worthy cause she was too quiet. "You are holding it," a teacher said, but pretty sure someone was holding another part of the hose so it wasn't real. She don't know what she wanted to do with that hose, just knows that she wanted holding it to feel real. Children are second class, repressed, and you fight the oppressions of childhood until you get used to it or flip over to the positive side like being able to be lazy because getting away with laziness, passivity, doing the bare minimum of not getting into trouble or seeking contrived praise, is a last kind of self-defence. Defense of your own fidgety little nervous energy, self-initiative, your self-satisfied skin that wears stupid hats with indignation, your intuitive purposefulness of your own hands and wide-open curiosity. Lucky she didn't have the capacity to just look the teachers and fireman in the eyes and broadly smile with adorable little girl charm like she might've have if it wasn't a quasi-autistic country town and everyone was all Disney like "WOOWWW, you could be a REAL firewoman someday, you're so GOOD at that!" "THANK YOU MR FIRE MAN YOU'RE A HERO" Lucky, or unlucky, I dunno, that's another way to feel good; people person good. She just wanted the self-affirming satisfaction of holding that hose in her hand. Touching, controlling, independence, natural instinct. Sure some of that was socially learned; she saw the hose being held, sje learned it was a good thing to do. She also don't remember the whole thing in great detail. Think she was praised a bit. Like it was a sport or something. Or another girl was and she was jealous?

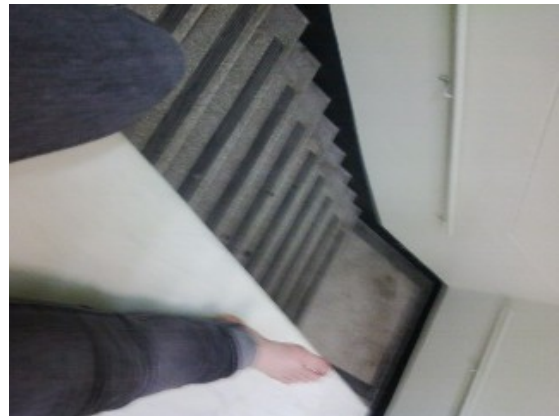


Illustration 2: Inner city staircase/playground for 15 yr olds

Anyhow, I'm not the aforementioned girl who sold her car and I never bought chips at Burleigh though I did go there and Robina Town Centre but only the latter as an in-between, an imagined gateway to all the better stuff and sensation of childhood and all the dreams of getting past the most awkward of teen years where you dress cool and go out at night. All those things, driving on the M1, staring out at glittery horizons, dragging yourself to a shopping centre to stock up on grocery specials (to save money for future independence, or to be healthier in the hope I will be more fit and clear-headed to learn to have more fun) or find clothes to feel as confident in your skin as you did riding a razor scooter downhill on smooth bitumen in trackies that said 'Mango' or shitty hand-me-down sk8 shoez. Then internet, the other in-between place where you get flashes of childhood glee but that's gradually milked out by blind searches for 'real life', and showing off of 'real life' in 'real places' where the unrecorded massive farts of a 35 year-old's caffeine-wired fat arse squeezes out to his 3 day LAN party, between the sweat stained vinyl of a council pick up computer chair, are actually more convincingly life-affirming than yr FB party poses and "OMG I wasn't invited to this that Stacey is a BITCH".

Then your clever posts that are going to more and more betray a constant eye for artistic exploitation and a physical-psychological addiction to the familiar motions and lines and buttons of your keyboard shortcuts and pulling out your phone. The twitter person I've somehow subscribed to, some friend of friends or almost-acquaintance wrote the best, something along the lines of, "I realised I grew up when I pissed the

word “piss” (or was it “fuck “ or “cunt”?) in the snow in perfect cursive... and DIDN'T TAKE A PHOTO OF IT”.

You know why those 80s journalists surrounded by messy books with the cool glasses and classic but modern clothes and sneery criticism, with their constant photo taking, note taking, initiative seem so cool? All in the body, that camera there is like a Pokeball, power, purpose, intentionality. Oh yeah, annoying and disrespectful at times but nothing so sad. Well yeah, a bit sad if they're manically driven by survival instinct but a bit more heroic, I think. “Hey I Wanna do a story, I wanna take a picture, for HISTORY, the WORLD. Hey I'm gonna ask you questions right now. I'm from this publication, we're important.” They'll do their thing, mixed public responses but what thehell, keep moving, the only refreshing going on is mentally, cause you learned something about the public by collating information and feelings in your brain-computer. Hmm, a lot of nut jobs around in the 80s pre-internet too, I reckon, but besides the point.

Your six cylinder car (whooaahh) pulsating through your body on a highway, respectable if not powerful, like some kind of primitive thing like a loud chugging steam train and your computer felt a bit the same when you got time to yourself in peace and guiltless distraction. You know how Beavis and Butthead went from 90s peurile zooming in on gas station weiners with hair on them and all those little details down-pat, stuff that you notice in abject boredom and adolescent attention span – which was half the point to me – to new episodes (well, generalising off the one or two I'd seen) with real adult cynicism about stuff like Supersize Me and Homer Simpson style grotesque apathy about your gluttonous and slack persona, like they're just rationally saying stuff without much convincing naïve genius, you know? So contemporary, like Rick and Morty, some clever thing coupled with just some sad but moral underlying 'profound' message and some monsters to laugh at and in the end Morty wants Szechuan Sauce ltd. Edition from Maccas cause that's where us hopeless, oppressed lethargics end up (this is not an ad for Maccas intentionally, and if it is making you want Maccas I Trust that you can make your own decisions cause it's not that

hard to resist).

1998 or 1999 sauce, specifically, coincidentally, when Maccas was probably most exciting to our younger palletes and families not yet banning little Billie from preservative 202 etc. Anti-corporate-inclined were up in Nimbin, Byron Bay, dumpster diving, not studying cartons of Bonsoy in your supermarket aisle. OH now their grown-up children are out at bush doofs mud wrestling, dancing, tie-dye-wearing, good on them I guess, though psytrance isn't really my scene.

Filler Friday

It is Wednesday

BODY, the instant feeling of moving, doing, it's those beliefs and instincts informed by sense of a future. It's the body, that's where it all comes from. Touching, feeling, moving, all sensation. Eyes, ears, and noses for anticipating what your whole self can do.

Then a mind, where's it fit in? Got the inner sensations it makes on your body, during the processing of sensory data and memory. You can ruin it, I think, with the mind. Contemplating petty vs. the profound, questioning food, forgetting what fun or basic contentment is. Great confusion. The mind also lets you have the good inner feelings of the charming little centre of attention kid (“you are so good at that thing”), even if the assurance/confidence to your body/senses, your security, is an estimation. You get confidence in smiles, computer games, in story telling, in influencing others... Changing human minds. You might hate six cylinder cars cause climate change and petrol prices or a car accident, hate music because rock n' roll shit, forget that you enjoy stuff other than a minimal effort habit circuit, hate games, hate sense experiences, everything is somehow a waste of time. The biggest waste of time is-

Hmm, well I read this article by this artist who was all self-congratulatory about riding a bike in circles because she wasn't going anywhere and her neighbours even thought she was a bit odd. She just liked it, she said. That's half convincing.

But imagine what the rest of her life as full time artist would be like, given that simple comfort was exceptionally notable. Not going to describe what was going on in her terms because reading it makes me wary I'll/we'll become like her - how she is that 99 percent of the time as a professional artist.

What is not the biggest waste of time is.. how much would I really *know*, I'm getting the basics down.

OPEN SOURCE COLLABORATION IN THE BUSH (DOOF OPTIONAL)

What isn't a waste of time for anyone, it's definitely proven, was Real Bad Music, and camping around a town hall with a bunch of people improvising. The idea of them was very, very simple and dignified.

This place called Real Bad Music burned down and I never got to go there. It's like burning a disused church or something. A young church, young congregation, displaced by the root of all evil before kids and strays could permanently settle in. You don't need to go to church to be a person of faith, of course, but using your senses in regular communion with other people in a familiar location makes things make more sense, and makes senses make more sense, and thoughts make more sense. Now I am a whiny, hypocritical preacher here but you have to start somewhere. Senses make thoughts and intentions, and thoughts and intentions make senses. It's all to do with the nervous system. This writing may be a poor manifestation of thought and intention and sensual-emotional experience, but a little can lead to a lot. It's empirical. Evolution. Real Bad Music, I am told, is to an extent alive in these camp-outs in rural NSW. Not only is there free-for-all music and a

party, there is cooking, streams and camp fires. Unfortunately, the cost of such an enterprise is the chance of danger and the physical & mental cost of earning the money to get there & out. The root of all evil is far from being banished, so there & back we'll go, displaced again and again. Not the most faith in the world, but not nothing either.

MAKES SENSE LIKE *CAPITALISM AND SCHIZOPHRENIA* (the book, very different to my disorderly enterprise here)

The division of labour in complex societies becomes increasingly divided and complex in society and the economy and in the freelance share economy, the worker gets to choose the amount of time and effort they put in according to their own foresight of consequences. I don't know the consequences and this is not structured in any very comprehensible way (in *this* stage of literary theory). You are free to add to the discussion, though. Skim it and don't think about it at all. It might be a waste of time and a mess. Part of a gross, offensive superstructure. OR maybe such dense, all-engrossing material that it'll form the solid brick basis of a building/social structure you understand. 3356 types of oil & fuel for your complex desiring-machines. Neurological lubricant or some extra cogs to scavenge.

In other words it might not make sense but it's your job to fill the gaps in this experientially limited and un-scholarly writing, what do you mean I'm not working hard enough? To finisssh what I start? To each their ability (to concentrate and give a fuck) and to each their need (mainly created by ability to give a fuck), and if you give a fuck then meet your need or if you don't need then cool. If you are unable to give a fuck and concentrate on working a better thing, then heres your rations today (my writing). What a head scratcher.

I dunno, how's this post-industrial thing work, is there a cultural contribution quota? The average person probably reads less than this publication a week, I think one of these per week will do us. Do we meet your cultural, emotional needs? There isn't really a shortage of stuff to think



Illustration 3: Visiting the ruins outside Morooka Train Station

about here. To work with. Work, work, work. Freelance service economy. Don't think about the meaning, go with the flow gurl/maan. This is just the world today blah blah blah.

Writing is OK. There's effort, there's some cerebral wrangling and butchering the medium of the zine, till it all comes to something that feels right to my roots in some sense (edit: but also WRONG on account of all the WRONG things we're part of, WRONG things that are not my deep down intention!). All the good roots, more than the incomplete politics and religion and social justice ideas. Some stuff that's not my roots but seems to vaguely conjure some image of a smart, down-to-earth person. Yanno. I reckon. I dunno. It's in fantasy-of--having-roots. Picked up "I reckon aye" from the cool British kid in grade 6. Me, I was a nerd in a smart-but-socially-clumsy way, but I have (with sensitivity to those unfortunate to have disability) I have had experiences and instincts, and my body, somewhere along the line that save me from faltering into utter neurosis or socially naïve intellectualisation of everything. I have survived years of the norm being quiet, sheltered, alone weekends taking quiet pleasure in food, weather, internet etc. and/but still discern the words, the music that is exciting and some day promises something physical or real. Or, mimicks/subliminates it. Romantic, I could say. I did falter, though, badly. Jingoism, empty and anxious abstraction verging on superstition..

NEXT UP:

Pan-heximentional post-feminocapitalist neo-accelerationist praxis for the common man

Lacanian swill reificationism from a cross-biopolitical network theorist perspective

A laying out of the thousands of details of the unethical dealings of politicians and corporations in relation to war and religion specifically

Bio-terrapolitics considered in connection to clothing choices and recreation of emerging adults

Culturally sensitive office décor for the

cosmopolitan progressive

Maximising automated social media posts to combat meme-offensive tactics co-opted by authoritarians

If you build your house on the sand, you'd better learn how to surf

Vote 4 the one you want

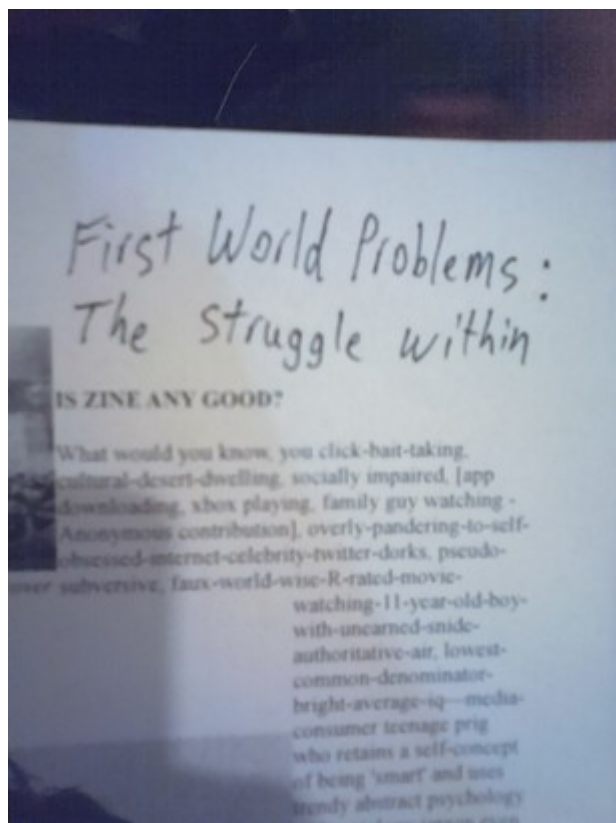


Illustration 4: First written feedback

Thanks

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